But ſhee hath loſt a dearer thing then life,
And he hath wonne what he would looſe againe,
This forced league doth force a further ſtrife,
This momentarie ioy breeds months of paine,
This hot deſire conuerts to colde diſdaine;
Pure chaſtitie is rifled of her ſtore,
And luſt the theefe farre poorer then before.

Looke as the full-fed Hound, or gorged Hawke,
Vnapt for tender ſmell, or ſpeedie flight,
Make ſlow purſuite, or altogether bauk,
The praie wherein by nature they delight:
So ſurfet-taking TARQVIN fares this night:
His taſt delicious, in digeſtion ſowring,
Deuoures his will that liu'd by fowle deuouring.

O deeper ſinne then bottomleſſe conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination!
Drunken Deſire muſt vomite his receipt
Ere he can ſee his owne abhomination.
While Luſt is in his pride no exclamation
Can curbe his heat, or reine his raſh deſire,
Till like a Iade, ſelf-will himſelfe doth tire.

And